

ALBION's Blessing.

A

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P O E M

PANEGYRICAL

On His Sacred MAJESTY,

King WILLIAM the III.

A N D

On His Happy Return,

A N D T H E

P U B L I S H I N G

T H E

Late Glorious PEACE.

Written by Mr. D'URFEE.

*Hic dies vere mihi festus atrox
Extimet Curas, ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuum tenente*

Cæsare Terras. — Hor. lib. 3.

Ea

Ma

Tb



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

Arnold Foost (i. e. Justus) van Keppell,

Earl of *ALBEMARLE*, Viscount *BURY*,

Barron *ASHFORD*, of *ASHFORD*,

Master of the Robes to His Sacred Majesty,

And one of the

MAJOR-GENERALS of the KING'S ARMIES.

*This Poem Panegyrical is with all Duty and
Humility most humbly Dedicated,*

By His most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

T. D URF EY.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

IN *Pacem Angliæ Restauratam.* Per *Johannem Phillips, de Interiore Templo.*
A Poem occasioned by the General Peace. By *J. W. Gent.*

Both Printed for *Rob. Battersby*, at *Staple-Inn*, near the Bars, in *Holbourn*. 1698.

A NEW
P O E M,
 ON THE
P U B L I S H I N G
 T H E
Late Glorious P E A C E,
 A N D
On the Happy Return
 Of His Sacred M A J E S T Y,
King WILLIAM the III.

'TIS done, and now Great *Britain's* Genius wakes,
 And from her Brain her late long Slumber shakes;
 The Name of P E A C E has her numb'd Spirits rais'd:
Peace, by the Harraß'd Nations courted so and prais'd,
 Is now, with more than wondrous Art and Care,
 Extracted by the Chimistry of W A R:
 Thus did Great *WILLIAM* all our Ills redress;
Cæsar Apollo, Cæsar Hercules,

Whose Glory as each Year still mounts it higher,
In us to greater Duty should inspire ;
The Murmuring Crowd should hate Sedition now,
And, hush'd, to his Prevailing Merit bow ;
Whilst generous Shame their Loyalty constrains,
Spight of the factious Madness of their Brains :
Royal Physician sent by Heaven to Cure,
With Sovereign Virtue, *England's* Callenture,
And force Rebellion's Feaverish Ill to cease,
The Nation's Epidemical Disease :
Who could observe the Glory which our Isle
Gain'd by his still-repeated Pain and Toyl,
That saw him yearly hasten to the War,
And every Hour the common Danger share,
Without Divine Reflections, such as these ?
This did the Godlike Monarch for our P E A C E,
Thus like a Saviour give his precious Blood,
A willing Offerng to procure our Good :
Yet to lov'd *Britain*, bearing due regard,
The Sword in Martial Hand aloft was rear'd,
And War or *Peace* for both alike prepar'd.
Peace, as it with the Kingdom's Glory stands ;
War if affronted with unjust Demands ;
Not Ours alone, but *Europe's* Cause he Try'd,
And since, convenient, generously Comply'd :
Lawrels abroad, and Thirst to overcome,
For Quiet chang'd, and Olive-wreaths at Home,
Form his Content, he Smiles, and deigns to please
To stoop to the Variety of *Peace*.

Long he preserv'd us Safe, with Pains and Cares,
And nobly Earn'd the Royal Crowns he wears;
So truly *England's* Empire does Inherit,
Right is the youngest Off-spring of his Merit :
And who can grudg the Vines for him should grow,
That sav'd the fruitful Vineyard from the Foe ?

As when bright *Phæbus* the Horizon leaves,
Prostrate on Earth, the trembling *Persian* grieves;
Possess'd with Fear his God should ne're return,
To Chear, with joyful Beams, the Weeping Morn ;
So shook our Loyal Hearts when *Cæsar* went,
So were we clouded all with Discontent :
Then, then methought, each Planet dimly shon,
But now, with Joy, its brightest Ray puts on ;
With willing Haste into its Sphere does come,
To Light the Great, the happy Monarch home ;
And dress'd in Blazes of new dazling Light,
Adorns the Splendor of that welcome Night.
As those above, the Sons of Art below
Their choicest Skill, and dutious Labour show ;
The martial Cannons loud and thundring Noise,
First shakes the Earth, and then assaults the Skies ;
The whizzing Rockets bursting in the Air,
Dim *Cynthia's* Train more glittering and more fair ;
Great *Mulciber* his Revels does Proclaim,
Exalted high on Piramids of Fame ;
To Honour *Cæsar's* Triumph all Conspire,
And dart his Fame thro' Heaven and Earth in artificial Fire.

4 POEM PANEGYRICAL.

Each Heart with joyful Ardour also burns,
Since, Crown'd with Palm, the Godlike Prince returns;
Safe he Returns with Glory to his own,
And all our Doubts, and all our Fears are gone :
Now Sings the lab'ring Peasant at the Plough,
Now pleas'd his fertile Glebe does Till and Sow,
Fearless of Harm from an Invading-Foe.
Cæsar, like Mighty *Jove*, Exerts his Name,
Equally Great abroad, as here his Fame;
His Army terrible, his Navy great,
And blushing Victory still seems to wait,
Where-e're he goes, as preordain'd by Fate.

Declare, thou * *Royal Traveller*, that from
A Region so remote dost leave thy Home;
Victorious Arms, and verdant Lawrels there,
To see the noble Plant grow with more Splendor here:
If ought, could thee from th' conq'ring Greatness bring,
But the Renown of so Ador'd a King;
Thou saw'st, and with just Admiration too,
Our martial Castles vye the Thunder-blow,
And on the Sea, a glorious City flow;
Strong Forts Impregnable, not made to Yield,
As when of old the Hands of Gods did Build,
Float on the rowling Billows, and make Sport
With each opposing Surge; a Monarch's Court
Is every Vessel, and in every Room
A Sultan well might think himself at Home;

* The *Czar* of
Muscovy.

Whilst the proud Sails swell with the Winds that blow,
 And Woods of *English* Oak upon the Ocean grow ;
 Empress *Britannia*, foremost Booms along,
 A lofty Theam fit for the Lawreat's Song,
 Who th' Motto gave,* and best can treat of Kings,
 And Write in mighty Numbers mighty Things ;
 The *Phoenix*, *London*, and the *Vanguard* bold,
 The *Sandwich* fam'd for Bravery of old ;
 Almighty *Neptune*, and Great *Offory*,
 The beautiful *Dutchess*, Mistress of the Sea,
 The *Dreadnought*, and the Happy *Restoration*,
 The *Resolution* bound to Right the Nation ;
 And next as good as e're did Sails Unfurl,
 A Crown's Restorer, Loyal *Albemarle* :
 These saw the Royal Stranger, with Delight,
 Saw their vast Power, and wonder'd at the Sight ;
 Then as our Naval Glory he survey'd,
 Thought his long Toyl and Travel well repaid ;
 And as fam'd *Sheba*, from the Southern Clime,
 Journeying to prove what had been fam'd Sublime,
 Return'd inspir'd with Wisdom she had won,
 From that blest Monarch, and t' Instruct began
 Dull Ignorants, that parch'd beneath the Sun ;
 So through the *North*, as far as fleecy Snow
 Hides the vast Hills, and rustling Tempests blow,
 Where thy chill Train, o're Lakes and frozen Isles,
 Hunt Pards and Bears, then Cloath 'em with their Spoils :
 Imperial *Czar*, be thou a second Fame,
 To blaze our *Albion's* Power, and Mighty *William's* Name,

* Mr. Dry-
 den, who see-
 ing a Scetch
 of her, gave
 this Motto,
 Post fulmi-
 na primum:

The Subject-Heroes of his Martial Train,
 Led on by him to Deathless Honour gain:
 Valour grows firm when *Cæsar* does appear,
 Cowards themselves grow Stout in spite of Fear;
 When e're he Shines still fresh each Lawrel grows,
 But where he's Absent, oft our Fame we lose;
 His Soul-infusing Genius Guards our Coast,
 But on the Main, for want of him, 'tis Lost.

Oh! *Albion*, Guardian of the Universe,
 Whose Fame, the Songs of Angels might disperse,
 And Bards divine, where Wit is most extream,
 Gain Groves of Lawrel from the Mighty Theam.
 Thou lovely Park, where Herds of Kings may dwell,
 Pal'd in with Sea, and be Invincible,
 Which the Eternal seem'd his own to Fence,
 Untir'd with the Creating Excellence,
 Before the courser Mold had its Decree,
 To form the common Herb, or Flower, or Tree:
 How wilt thou Fall; into what low Disgrace?
 How wilt thou Sink degeneratly Base,
 If Cowardise Infect thy Marine Race?
 When equal Fleets on *Neptune's* Green appear,
 And *Britain's* recreant Sons shrink back for Fear;
 Who would not think the End of all things near,
 When *Mammon's* shining Daughter too was by,
 For whom they destin'd are to Live and Die?
 Who seem'd to say, See here your glittering Gains,
 Come on, Attaque, and Take me for your Pains;

Propitious Gales have brought me to your View,
Fate makes this Present as your Monarch's Due;
I am a Treasure is reserv'd for you;
With such a Beauty uninjoy'd to part,
Shame to our Nation, must be want of Heart.

Oh! from thy Tomb, Great *Ossory* arise,
And with thy awful Shadow blast their Eyes;
Haunt him in Dreams, and may his Face appear
So Pale, the rest may Blush to see his Fear;
And Charm'd with conscious Shame, in future Fight
Do *Albion* and its Injur'd Off-spring Right;
But let his brave Opposer find Regard,
His Conduct Praise, with Fame his Worth Reward;
Smile on him as a generous Enemy,
And let the others Shame his Glory be,
Who thro' the Main and watching Fleets made way,
And brought his Master safe the shining Prey.

Nobly, *Great Lewis*! bravely hast thou Reign'd,
And against *Europe*, a long War maintain'd;
So safe in Councils, in thy Chiefs so blest,
Injustice seem'd like Right by thy Success;
No Cause could thy ambitious Will protract,
Whatever thou would'st Order they would Act;
Mighty thy Soul, tho' driv'n to last Distress,
When Ruine had succeeded want of Peace,
Yet Grief seem'd Joy, and Despair look'd like Ease;

A Look from thee thy Subjects Hearts could Fire,
Who well perform'd their Charge, and thy Desire,
Whilst black Destruction glaring in our View,
Seem'd to make *Noſtredam's* Predictions true,
Till the bleſt Genius, that takes Care of Kings,
Shading both Empires underneath its Wings,
Inspir'd Great *Naffaw* with a generous Will,
To ſtop fermenting Rage and future Ill;
He Stemm'd the Torrent, Fighting, Peace obtain'd,
And made a Potent Foe, a Glorious Friend.

In all Degrees of frail Humanity,
And vicious Nature, muſt great Errors be;
But Senſe in the diſtreſs of Thought is loſt,
To know that ſtubborn *Albion* breeds the moſt:
The Quality of every ſtrange Offence,
Juſtly ſo much enrages Providence,
That Sacred Mercy, after Crimes ſo baſe,
Seems Impoſition upon heavenly Grace;
T' obſerve what Jarrs, the Bane of all Content,
Amongſt themſelves, her impious Sons Foment,
Who now, tho' beyond Expectation Bleſt,
Can yet, through ſtrong Perverſeneſs, take no Reſt;
Want Power to know and utter what they Ail,
And Plague themſelves to invent Cauſe to Rail:
Discord that ſprings from anxious Doubts and Fear,
Is the unwelcome Harmony we hear;
And harſh provoking Jarrs 'twixt Friend and Friend,
Brings each ſucceſſive Day to its ſad End:

Curst Bigott'ry the Play did first begin,
Till Revolution chang'd the Ill-wrought Scene,
To bring us all a happy Freedom in ;
Now Pride, the Humour of each Grumbler here,
Proves like the Nature of the Clime and Air ;
For as th' Inconstant Weather instantly
Can change from Hot to Cold, from Moist to Dry ;
So they from Rebels can turn Loyal Men,
Set up a King, and boldly prove his Right,
Zealously for him Vote, and for him Fight,
And at the least Disgust can Rebels turn agen.

Reflect in time, ye Sons of Discontent,
Suppress your Spleen, and, e're too late, Repent ;
Tho' Royal Mercy now do's Mild appear,
Stern Justice, if you tempt, will be severe :
Be Blind no more, thro' Fame's Perspective see
Albion's unparalell'd Felicity,
Fix'd in her present Monarch's Bravery ;
In whose Auspicious and Illustrious Reign,
Our long-lost Genius do's return again :
The Hero's of past Ages present seem,
Edward, and Mighty *Henry* live in him ;
Henry and *William*, fated are the same,
There's a Prophetick Power even in the Name,
Which do's to all Misteriously shew,
The Latter like the First should Triumph too,
Whose Glory's greater, by the Peace he brings,
Than Fame could give our most Victorious Kings.

Oh ! that the Darling of the Sacred Nine,
 To blaze his Name, could make my Verse Divine ;
 Ador'd *Nassau* ! But oh ! to Praise is vain,
 'T would Tire best Pens, and Crack the foundest Brain ;
 Th' extream of Art, adorn'd with nicest Wit,
 His mighty Character has never Writ,
 Do all they can they must leave something yet ;
 Call him Deliv'rer, let * *Eusebia* kneel,
 And shew the Wounds she did so lately feel ;
 The bleeding Breast his Sovereign Balm did heal ;
 And then in Prayer her grateful Homage shew,
 Alas ! 'tis still a Sacrifice too low ;
 Or stile him Pious, Generous, Valiant, Wise,
 Who beyond *Virgil* or great *Pindar* flies,
 Will reach his Fame no more than Mole-hills do the Skies.
 Strict Morral Vertue do's his Breast controul,
 And there Raigns in him a true Kingly Soul,
 Not sway'd by Avarice, or Luxury,
 Tyrannic Lust, nor wretched Bigott'ry,
 But firm to Honour, true to his great Trust,
 And to the meanest of his Subjects Just ;
 So ready in the dangerous Hunt of War,
 As if he took more Pleasure in't than Care ;
 His Royal Heart, mix'd with the common File,
 Nor wears the Wreath unless he shares the Toil ;
 But to retrieve the Glory of our Nation,
 Still pushes forward on each brave Occasion,
 And his successful Valour proves, without Predestination.

* The Church.

Your joyful Thanks then, Loyal *Britains*, pay ;
With Shouts and Welcomes, meet him on the way ;
And now the Hero comes with Blessings crown'd,
The Soul of *Peace*, as well as *War*, renown'd ;
As in Creation, when the Eternal's Hand,
Finish'd the Elements, the Sea and Land :
The Six Days mighty Labour being o'repass'd,
Sabbath was order'd as a Day of Rest ;
So wearied with good Works, maturely Great,
May he in happy *Albion* fix his Seat ;
And if such Vertue can decline to Fate,
Grant, gracious Heaven, it may be very late.

F I F I S.
